SOME NEW BOOKS.

John Bigelow's Reminiscences.

I.

The fourth and fifth volumes of the *Retrospections of an Active Life* by JOHN BIGELOW (Doubleday, Page & Co.) cover the twelve years 1867-79. It is a period politically hardly less interesting and memorable than that of the civil war itself. Returning to New York from France at the beginning of 1867, Mr. Bigelow found himself present at the crisis produced by the attempt of the Radical Senators, headed by Wade, to usurp to themselves executive as well as legislative functions. The exigencies of the war had necessarily produced infractions of regular procedures and even of constitutional methods. Nobody could have been less likely to permit invasion of the Presidential powers than Andrew Johnson so long as he held them himself, as nobody could have been less scrupulous about invading them than Ben Wade. The Constitution fell

Between the pass and fell incensed points
Of mighty opposites.

The Radical Senators were already urging impeachment, and they had secured the assistance of Sumner by virtue not only of his general radicalism but also of the particular grievance which he had experienced in the removal of his friend Motley as Minister to Vienna. That removal thus became a leading "issue" in those days, though so well forgotten now. Mr. Bigelow arrived in Washington in February, and naturally took counsel of Seward. He found that the assassin's knife had done the Secretary no harm, except to leave a scar which was not much of a disfigurement. "I never saw Seward looking in better health, nor have I ever heard him talk with more clearness and ability." Some of his talk was sufficiently startling, including his contrast of Lincoln and Johnson. Of the latter he said: "He reads everything; he is a man of prodigious industry. Lincoln never knew nor cared anything about foreign relations. He was the War Minister and a very good one, but he never questioned anything I did about foreign relations."

Still more startling was his assurance that Benjamin and, perhaps, Mason were privy to the plot for the assassination of Lincoln and the Cabinet, though he did not pretend to implicate Jefferson Davis. His main reason for suspecting the Confederate authorities was that the assassins were in possession of gold, which was then not in circulation and could be had only from official sources. The crisis became acute in March, when the President vetoed the reconstruction act, dividing ten Southern States into five military districts under five military governors, and the tenure of office act, providing that no officer for whose appointment the consent of the Senate was necessary should be dismissed without that consent. Seward and Stanton were supposed to have drawn the veto of the latter measure and Jeremiah Black that of the former. Although nobody now disputes that the action of Congress in passing these bills was revolutionary and outrageous, and that it was obligatory upon the President to veto them, they increased the infuriation of the Senators. Sumner went so far as to tell Bigelow "that Congress should require of Federal officers the same loyalty and obedience" that was "due to the President when we had one. The present incumbent is a nullity and will be treated as such." Of course such an utterance could not but horrify Mr. Bigelow or anybody else who brought from foreign parts a cool head into the superheated atmosphere of Washington. Among others the returned exile met old Frank Blair, who said that in 1864 he had carried down from Washington to Jefferson Davis a proposal that Davis should "leave Richmond, lead his army into Mexico and drive Maximilian into the sea." Blair declared that Davis had entertained the proposal, and even shown a willingness to accede to it if it should come to him in official form and with the indisputable authorization of Lincoln, but Mr. Bigelow's conclusion seems to be much more sensible, being that Davis was intent simply upon eliciting from Lincoln committals which might afterward be used to the injury of the Northern cause. Grant was also encountered, and he had also sufficiently startling disclosures. He declared that he had information that the French Marshal, Bazaine, had made $2,500,000 out of his command in Mexico by keeping stores stocked with goods which he had brought in free of duty, and that when one of the Generals of Juarez captured $350,000 on its way to a seaport Bazaine actually requested its return on the ground that it was his private property.

It was on March 30 that the last French troops sailed from Vera Cruz, and on the same day a telegram came from Russia authorizing the signature of the treaty ceding Alaska. Seward was naturally much impressed and impressed other people with the coincidence that Russia and France retired on the same day from North America and that his statesmanship had brought out both events. The acquisition of Alaska was not made without strong opposition in Congress, much of it honest, some of it corrupt and distinctly in the nature of a "holdup." During the following September Seward, after swearing Bigelow to secrecy, explained the difference between the $7,000,000 that Russia received and the $7,050,000 or thereabout that Congress appropriated. "Before that money could be voted $2,000 had to be given to Robert J. Walker; $10,000 to his partner, F. K. Stanton; $10,000 to two members of Congress and $20,000 to Forney. One thousand dollars more were to have been given to poor Thad Stevens, but no one would undertake to give that to him, so I undertook to give it myself. The poor fellow died, and I have it now." It is known that Seward's aspirations in the way of territorial expansion by no means ceased with the acquisition of Alaska. He was already negotiating for the Danish West Indies. He already had his eye on Santo Domingo, although that project was not seriously taken up until the ensuing Administration came in. Seward was already warmly interested in the projecting of what was then known as the "Darien" Canal.

The preceding volumes of the "Retrospections" have given a clearer view than was before attainable of the causes of Louis Napoleon's attempt upon Mexico, but the sordid origin of the expedition is put in the present instalment in an even more vivid light. This is done by citations from the letter written in 1869 by Jecker, whose monstrously inflated and corrupt "claim" was the pretext of the invasion. This letter did not come to light until the sack of the Tuileries by the Commune. It was written to Conti, Louis Napoleon's chief of cabinet. It set forth the bargain by which the Emperor's half brother, Duc de Morny, was to have 30 per cent. of all the money that could be squeezed out of poor Mexico. By the collapse of the Mexican "Empire" and the killing of the Mexican "Emperor" the scheme of course fell to the ground. Jecker found himself ruined and desperate, and accordingly wrote this letter, in explanation of which he said: "Although up to the present I have kept this matter profoundly secret, in spite of being strongly urged to publish it, I shall be obliged to defend myself in order not to see myself thrown into a debtor's prison; I am obliged to tell my creditors what has taken place and deliver them everything that I have, which they will claim as pertaining to my liquidation. The Mexican Government will be delighted to know all about this matter for the regulation of its future conduct with France. I well foresee the effect which such a confession will produce on the public mind, and the bad light which it will cast upon the government of the Emperor." It was, of course, a blackmailing letter, with whatever "extenuating circumstances." Conti declared that upon reading the letter he threatened the writer to hand him over to justice as a blackmailer and ordered him out of his office, which was doubtless the best thing he could have done, but did not alter the facts. Another of the revelations which came from the looting of the Tuileries was that of Louis Napoleon's private account with Baring Brothers of London, from which it appeared that he had the government securities of various countries, France itself excepted, to the extent of about $5,000,000. These things tend to bear out the remark of the "Englishman in Paris" who professed to have known Louis Napoleon for many years, but who said that the thing he knew best about him was that if he had had a competent private fortune the Second Empire never would have existed.

II.

In this great national crisis John Bigelow was but "a looker on here in Vienna," or rather in Washington, but in the next one, nine years later, he was, rather in spite of himself, an actor. So active minded a man as he and a man so important, by character as well as by intelligence, could not have remained permanently out of what may properly be called "public life." He had been drawn into it to the extent of taking provisionally the editorship of the New York *Times* for a few months after the death of Henry J. Raymond. The circumstances of that tragedy are set forth here perhaps for the first time in responsible print out of the diary which Mr. Bigelow kept at the time, and accurately enough set forth, considering the conditions under which the entries were made. The circumstances have become better known since, though they have mainly been circulated by way of oral gossip and hardly arrived at print. It is not made very clear even in these disclosures just how and just why the diarist should have accepted an office so comparatively humble, for a man who had held so much more important public trusts, as the Secretaryship of State of the State of New York. But, although not the "how" the "why" pretty distinctly emerges. It was because Mr. Bigelow really believed in those reforms which Samuel J. Tilden first agitated and then executed in the government of the State of New York in the early '70s. This belief came to be indissoluble with the belief in the patriotism and in the wisdom of Mr. Tilden himself. It is almost without precedent how a man of so feeble faculties for making friends as Mr. Tilden should have had so powerful faculties for making disciples. He had no "geniality." He had no "wit," although, on occasions, he had a knack of homely and vernacular expression which seemed to come to the same thing. He had no "voice." He had no "presence," and he was so painfully aware of this himself that he vividly perceived the absurdity of calling on anybody to go to war for his rights though they happened to be also the rights of the people of the United States. Yet with all his physical and temperamental disqualifications he "imposed himself" upon minds so independent and so different as those of James C. Carter, Manton Marble and John Bigelow as "the safest counsellor in the affairs of this nation."

There is an old newspaper story of those years according to which Col. Watterson of the Louisville *Courier-Journal* said to Manton Marble of the New York *World*, "I suppose that you and I are the only men in St. Louis who personally would prefer Mr. Tilden's nomination, but if we were not here he would be nominated all the same." As it was entirely out of the question that anybody should prefer him to his competitors for the Presidency except upon public grounds, so, one may say, it was entirely out of the question that he should prefer himself for the Presidency except upon public grounds. He might perfectly have said, as Chatham is reported to have said to George II., "I am confident that I can save this country and that no other man can save it." That is why he wanted to be President. The hoots and jeers with which his avowal of a purely public purpose was received by the conscious or unconscious advocates and attorneys of the "cohesive power of public plunder" which had grown up under the Republican regime will be silenced, on the part of the unconscious and honest advocates, by the exposures which Mr. Bigelow's contemporaneous notes make of the theory that Tilden was as much of a corruptionist as those who succeeded in getting his election to the Presidency annulled. The hoots and jeers were loud when, in his published statement after the decision, Tilden said, "I made up my mind that if the Chief Magistracy of my country were put up at auction I should not be among the bidders." The contrast and the combination of Tilden's qualifications and disqualifications as a leader are strikingly expressed by the extract from Mr. Bigelow's diary after the diarist as Secretary of State had sworn in Tilden's successor as Governor of New York: "Gov. Tilden and the family left in the 5 P. M. train. I went down to take leave of him at the station. I felt sad. There were only two or three of his friends at the station to see him off. I have scarcely known a man of more remarkable powers than his, in some respects, but more rarely a man who attached people so little to him. None of the people of Albany, even of those thoroughly identified with his political fortunes, seem to care for him personally. The reason for this cannot, of course, be entirely creditable to Tilden, but it is less discreditable than the same result would be in almost any other person I ever knew. He sets his mind upon an object; that object is always respectable, commonly of the first importance in all respects. He pursues that object with a single eye; allows nothing to distract him; knows neither kindred nor family nor friend except as means of prosecuting that object. In ordinary cases such adhesion to a spin of any sort would seem the extreme of ill manners and selfishness. It is less so in Tilden because he is never working so much for himself as for the mass of the people; he sacrifices social relations to promote ends in the triumph of which all the world has an interest."

In the meanwhile Lucius Robinson had been elected the Governor of New York at the same election at which Tilden had been elected President of the United States. The nomination and the election of Robinson had been effected upon the express grounds that he should "succeed" Tilden and carry out his policy according to Robinson's lights. Already Zach Chandler had announced his impudent purpose to nullify the election to the Presidency of Tilden. Few readers, one supposes, know what is set forth in Mr. Bigelow's diary under the date of November 22, 1876, that Tilden at that time had the notion of supporting his claim and that of the people of the United States, if necessary, by force. This notion Tilden subsequently abandoned, whether wisely or unwisely, but Mr. Bigelow's paragraph makes it very clear that he did entertain it: "While there the Governor suggested to Robinson the question whether it might not be well to make Gen. McClellan his adjutant in view of possible contingencies. The Governor had spoken to me of the matter earlier in the evening. Robinson and I discussed the subject a little on our way home. I doubted the wisdom of such a selection. It would be a red rag to the Republicans and would serve to confirm their apprehensions of a reactionary Administration. It would be better, I thought, to take a man of no significance and require him to avail himself of any suggestions the General might make, and to retire when it became an object to give his place to McClellan."

And then came the disputed election and the device of the Electoral Commission and all the juggling that we know. In these things the temperamental weakness of Tilden was even more obvious than his intellectual strength. If he had been a different sort of person it seems that he would undoubtedly have been inaugurated as President on March 4, 1877. But upon the affairs of this crisis also Mr. Bigelow's diary sheds new light. Of course everybody remembers that the decisive vote in the Electoral Commission was that of Mr. Justice Bradley of the Supreme Court of the United States, who was finally, after all the pressure that could be exerted on him from both sides had been exhausted, induced to pronounce that the overwhelming evidence of fraud was allunde. That gives point to this extract from the diary: "On Thursday Tilden told me a man had called to say that the commission was for sale. When I expressed an incredulous sort of astonishment he said that one of the Justices (Republican) was ready to give his vote to Tilden for $200,000. I asked which one. He thought he would not tell me that at present. I told him it was improbable, for the Judges were all well paid and had life terms of their office. He said the Justice in question is reported to be embarrassed from old engagements and obligations. As Bradley is the youngest appointment it would look as though he was the most likely to be the man, though I did not try again to ascertain. Tilden said the Florida returning board was offered him, and for the same money, 'That,' he said, 'seems to be the standard figure.'"

This judgment upon the tactical procedure of the Democrats appears in the diary of June 5, 1877, dated from Mr. Bigelow's home at Highland Falls: "Senator Blaine, who is on the board of examiners this year at West Point, dined and spent the afternoon with us. He spoke very freely of Hayes and his Southern policy, which, he says, if pursued makes an end of the Republican party. Referred to Hayes's speech the night after the election, when he supposed he was defeated. In that nothing was said of the calamity that had overtaken civil service reform, but his soul was racked with grief for the deplorable fate of the poor African. Now civil service is all he is concerned for, and the poor African is given over to the tender mercies of Southern Democrats remorselessly. Blaine does not hesitate to say that if Packard is not Governor of Louisiana Hayes is not President of the United States. He said also that he was astonished when he found the Democrats acceding to the Electoral Commission."

Ethically, as everybody now admits, the advocates of Hayes had not a leg to stand on. They were really compelled to "put up a front." This they were partly enabled to do through the procedures of the Potter committee, so named after Clarkson N. of that ilk, its chairman, in which the Republican members and especially Tom Reed so overweighted the majority as clever advocates. The notion of the Republican minority of the committee was to show Tilden's willingness to "buy his right." In his diary Mr. Bigelow neatly and completely disposes of that claim. His disposal, made apparently only for his own personal satisfaction, is complete: "1. Only one vote was required to elect Tilden. It is proved that the votes of three States were in the market, and at a price which would have been but a fleabite to Tilden. 2. Tilden did not get that vote. • • • Nor is it longer pretended that any money was ever furnished to any one by Tilden or any one else on his account to secure the one needed vote. 3. Hayes needed all the votes of three States. All were for sale. Hayes got them all and was elected. Within six months every person concerned in securing or giving those votes received an office, many the highest offices in the gift of the Government. Two or three Cabinet places, three or more first class missions are among them."

III.

Thus far of large and historical events. But it were to do an injustice to John Bigelow to assume that he had no minor interests which, in fact, were all the while his major interests. He was the man to whom nothing human was foreign. He was not exclusively a "public creature," like Tilden, the object of his political admiration, of whom it might be said that he cared for nothing but politics. The omnivorous intellectual curiosity of John Bigelow, which was so delightful, and often so enviable to his friends and acquaintances, is so evident in these volumes that you cannot read ten pages of them together without being reminded of it. What could be better evidence of the advantages of "culture" than that while he was conducting the negotiations of his country with the "copper captaincy" of Louis Napoleon he was all the time seeking his own "by-ands" in picking up, for example, on the book shops of the quays anything that would help him to understand his predecessor, Benjamin Franklin. Mr. Bigelow's good sense might fairly be characterized as enormous. He had laid to heart that precept of Junius to his printer, that precept which is so well adapted to outlast all of Junius's political fulminations: "Let all your aims be adapted to securing a solid, however moderate, independence. Without it no man can be happy or even honest."

The result of John Bigelow's early editorial experience with the *Evening Post* was to establish him, at about the age of 40, in the enviable situation of not taking any employment which did not otherwise suit him. But "once a journalist, always a journalist." He never relaxed his interest in journalism. It was entirely proper and obvious that upon the premature removal of Henry J. Raymond Mr. Bigelow, with his old reputation, should have been the person most in view for the editorship of the New York *Times*. There is a great deal in these pages about why he took it, and perhaps not so much as one would expect about why he relinquished it. The clear fact was that New York journalism since his absence from it had outgrown him. Truly, as the editor of the New York *Times*, in immediate succession to Raymond, he was not a success. There are still circulating in Park row, or what is left of it, tales of how New York journalism had left him behind. "Ned" House used to tell, with chastened glee, how the new editor, Mr. Bigelow, had sent for him, he being then the dramatic critic, to tell him how absurd it was that the newspaper should devote so much space to the criticism of the theatre, and to suggest that the dramatic critic should rather devote his attention to making the rounds of the publishers once a week and to inquiring what new books they were about to bring out. Between the lines of Mr. Bigelow's own statement it is sufficiently clear that he was not a success as the editor. The *Times* was evidently predestined to those "great varieties of untried being" which began with Louis J. Jennings and, up to date, have ended in what we know. But the proverbial scripture is fulfilled in the fact, so evident throughout these pages, that Mr. Bigelow, as an old journalist, never lost his interest in journalism. The modern reader will be puzzled by the great preponderance of correspondence in these pages with one W. H. Huntington.

The exchange of letters is continual throughout these volumes. Ancient readers may recall that Huntington, under the signature of "W. H. H.," wrote Paris letters to the New York *Tribune* in the '60s and '70s. Paris letters which attracted in those years a considerable, if not always admiring, attention. They were rather oddly phrased. Their phraseology inspired John R. Dennett of the *Nation* to remark of their author in the late '60s in a letter to a friend, "Partly he be doing Mr. Carlyle in a queer way, but mostly he be a damphool just fit to write letters to the New York *Tribune*." It is clear all the same from these volumes that Huntington was a person of general, and particularly of bibliomaniacal, curiosity, and that he was extremely helpful to Mr. Bigelow in collecting the "Franklinians," of which at that period Mr. Bigelow was particularly in quest. There are delightful letters from John Hay, once Mr. Bigelow's subordinate in Paris and always evidently his admiring friend, which shed much light, first upon European diplomacy and afterward, when Hay had joined the *Tribune* in 1871, upon New York journalism. There are here some doleful vaticinations, most curiously contradicted by the events upon Mr. Dana's purchase of THE NEW YORK SUN: "Dana has bought out THE SUN for a large sum of money. This is a bad sign. He cannot hold the subscribers of that paper for a week, if he means to add to them; and in trying to do both I fear he will have the luck of the dog & his shadow."

There is a great deal here about poor old Greeley in his latter days. There is a considerable deal in the way of letters from Whitelaw Reid in his earlier days, showing a solicitude to commend his performance and his behavior in general to Mr. Bigelow as to a past master of his craft. There is a letter from Edwin L. Godkin, replying to Mr. Bigelow's advice not to take a professorship in Harvard instead of continuing to edit the *Nation* and saying: "Professing, I suppose, is poorer work than editing, but it has at least the advantage of giving you the certainty that somebody minds what you say, which is more than an editor can be said to have." All this talk is particularly delightful, naturally, to old newspaper men, to whom, as to Mr. Bigelow, the odor of "the shop" is always alluring.

But, after all, what emerges most pleasantly from these pages is the unconscious portrait which the diarist and the correspondent paints of himself. That position of authority which in the later years of his prolonged life he may seem to have attained by mere seniority and survival it here abundantly appears he had attained far earlier by more intrinsic qualities. Truly, it appears throughout these pages that he also "lived by admiration, hope and love." It may not be out of place in the presence of a wider audience than that which he immediately, although already almost inaudibly, addressed on the occasion of his election to the presidency of the Century Association, when he expressed his surprise at the distinction which had been conferred upon him, to recall that he should have quoted, of course in his case without laying himself open to the faintest suspicion of flunkeyism, his concurrence in Lord Clarendon's declaration that all who knew him knew that he was always best satisfied when he was "the meanest man in the company."

Henry Arthur Jones on the English Drama.

With the exception of Arthur Wing Pinero, HENRY ARTHUR JONES is probably the foremost playwright of England. He has to his credit a long list of plays that enjoyed popular success and attempted in some way to be a reflection of life at the time they were written. His standard has always been high and although he was possibly known to a wider field through his melodramas such as "The Middleman" and "The Silver King," it will never be forgotten that he is the author of such a finely finished comedy of contemporary life as "The Liars" and so intense a study of woman's character as "Mrs. Dane's Defence." Mr. Jones has always been the apostle of the well made play and has never scorned its conventions. So he is a figure of importance in the English theatre, sensible of the necessity of combining with the laws of the drama the study of life and the subjective insight into human character which is to-day indispensable to the dramatist who expects to be taken seriously. Then his plays are written with a respect for literary ideals, which does not mean that his phrases are literary in the sense that they are artificial and labored but that they represent the spirit of the men and women who speak them.

Such an author is in a position to speak with authority on the subject of his profession. He is not the uninformed enthusiast who regards the drama as the means of expressing to the world every literary and social heresy possible. He is not, on the other hand, the dyed in the wool technician who sees nothing in drama but the expert and continuous reiteration of the laws of the playwright. The standard according to which Mr. Jones judges the drama is revealed by the titles of the seventeen essays which he has recently published under the title *The Foundations of a National Drama*. Some of them are "The Corner Stone of Modern Drama," "The Aims and Duties of a National Theatre," "The Drama and Real Life" and "Literary Critics of the Drama." Some of the series were delivered at Yale, Harvard and Columbia and others appeared in English reviews.

The object of Mr. Jones's struggle is the union of literature and the drama. He bemoans the supremacy of the French theatre over the English, although it is by no means sure that he does not exaggerate the importance of some of the Gallic playwrights. Contrasting the theatres of France and England, he says that only "The School for Scandal," "She Stoops to Conquer" and "The Rivals" remain from the English theatre outside of the plays of Shakespeare, while the French possess Regnard, Marivaux, Beaumarchais, Dumas, Alfred de Musset, Casimir Delavigne, Dumas fils, Augier and Labiche in addition to Moliere, Voltaire and Victor Hugo. The list is certainly long; but is it not possible that the plays of Shakespeare are more read than all these authors taken together, that the Anglo-Saxon races are more fortunate in the possession of this one great genius than in the long list of lesser ones of France, and that our readers of plays have a better supply in the richness of the great Elizabethan's dramas than the French list could offer? Is not the theatre of Victor Hugo confined now to the Comedie Francaise and do the dramas of the two Dumas possess any vitality for the public to-day? Does Augier interest others than students of the drama? Does not an occasional representation of "Le Gendre de M. Poirier" at the Comedie represent his vitality to the public to-day? Of Labiche and Delavigne there are few dramas seen on the stage, while Beaumarchais is treated with the severe respect due to all classics. It is undoubtedly true, as Mr. Jones claims, that the French until a score of years ago had a richer and finer drama than England. It was indeed incomparably superior to the works of Tom Taylor, H. J. Byron, Dion Boucicault, Tom Robertson and the rest of the second raters who dominated the English stage in the Victorian era. But for practical purposes the men of England have survived just as well as the Frenchmen, who were undoubtedly of a different intellectual class. Neither one has maintained a place in the active theatre of England or France.

There is still the ineradicable indisposition of men of letters both in England and the United States to write for the theatre. Yet it is not uncommon to find every French novelist setting out after his first successes in fiction to try the stage as a medium. It may be that they have a better faculty for acquiring the inflexible rules of writing for the stage or they are willing to take more trouble in learning them or they take a collaborator. At all events they meet with more success and persevere until it has become a tradition of their profession for them to write for the stage. Henry James has tried that path without success and we have seen what Thomas Hardy does when he takes his pen in hand to write a drama. The French theatre has retained its literary character more distinctly than any other because the writers of other countries have ignored the theatre to a degree unknown in France.

Mr. Jones's sanity is shown by his estimate of Ibsen. He writes in "Corner Stones of Modern Drama": "Ibsen is a citizen of a small country; this gives him many signal advantages. If his eyes avert their ken from half of human life, yet his vision is the more keen and strenuous for the half that lies before them. If he is a sour and shabby courtier to beauty, he is never a traitor to truth. He will never be surpassed in his angry scorn for lies. He has great fascination, but little charm. Joyous youth will never hobnob with him. For happy lovers he grows no sweet forget-me-nots. The poor in spirit he crushes. They who have rooted themselves at ease in the rank soil of modern commercialism shudder at him, as a weed at the ploughshare, as a cancer at the knife. For two-thirds of human kind he has only a command of self-contempt and a sentence of despair and destruction. But the strong he fortifies; the steadfast he establishes; he is a scourge to slaves, but for them that are free he enlarges the bounds of freedom. They honor him who honor the truth, and they welcome him who welcome the growl of the thunder and the dart of the lightning rather than stagnancy and miasma and the fitful shimmer that dances round corruption. A test of Ibsen's quality is supplied by the characters of the men who have most hated and vilified him. Some tribute may perhaps be offered, belated, but I hope not too late, by those whom his tense and shattering genius has at length conquered and brought to own with great regret that they have in part misjudged, in part under estimated him. He will long stand forth a frowning landmark in the domain of the drama."

That the theatre of Ibsen has affected the technique of the day so much as his admirers assert is not so generally believed now as it was a score of years ago. His principal influence on his contemporaries in every country has been in the choice of subject. It is also true that his theatre has come to possess little more than a historic interest. His plays age known, moreover, chiefly to readers of dramas. To playgoers they are less familiar, and the growing infrequency of their production in all countries, notably Germany, where in view of the enthusiasm with which they were once received their disappearance from the stage is most striking, is a result of what Henry James so many years ago called their "suburban" character.

Mr. Jones's recommendations for the improvement of the English theatre and our own in the same direction are simple and practical. He urges some restoration of the recognition of the drama as the highest and most difficult form of literature and the abolition of the present attitude of indifference if not hostility on the part of literary men toward the theatre. He does not add the fact, of which he is probably fully aware, that men of letters are rarely equal to the effort of learning the medium through which they can alone make their work fit for the theatre. Bulwer had Macready at his side during the creation of "Richelieu" and "Money," but not all the authors who would be playwrights have such a valuable guide. Then Mr. Jones would force recognition of the playwright's duty to deal with the real problems of life and thus lift the theatre out of the light in which it is regarded both here and in England as a place of entertainment. The willingness of the public to regard the actor as an artist is another condition necessary to placing the drama where it should belong in the arts.

Mr. Jones has already seen some of the measures he recommends put into effect. The establishment of the repertory theatres which he suggests is already beginning in England. From them will come the increased efficiency of the actors, and there may again be a day in which acting is regarded as an art and deserves to be. It would be difficult, however, to take that view of many exhibitions seen in New York in the course of a season. The author's comments on our own experiment to build with the New Theatre a dramatic institution which should represent the traditions of the Comedie Francaise or the Hofburg are sensible, and he thinks the size of the building one element that foredoomed it to failure. Mr. Jones's ideas are interesting always and valuable because they are the thoughts of a playwright who has found success in full measure in his profession and writes about his art as one that he respects and would restore to its proper place.

Early Heroes of the American Indian Missionary "Field."

From the records of missionary pioneer enterprise in America MARY GAY HUMPHREYS has compiled in *Missionary Explorers Among the American Indians* (Scribners) a collection of an even half dozen articles that appeal to the appetite for tales of life on the old frontier latent in every American reader's mental composition. After all the other zests of boyhood have staled, the fondness for the wild West that was endures: breathes there the man with soul so dead he cannot get a happy hour from the chronicles of Daniel Boone, Davy Crockett and Kit Carson? In Miss Humphreys's book the missionary explorers are "played up" as pioneer frontiersmen rather more vividly than as emissaries of the church.

The book divides chronologically into halves, the latter of which, dealing with the later Western men, decidedly overshadows the former as here treated, if not actually in point of inherent interest. John Eliot, Samson Occum, the made over Mohegan Indian, and David Brainerd are poky subjects compared with Marcus Whitman of Oregon, Stephen Riggs, who gave forty years to the saving of Sioux souls, and especially John Lewis Dyer, who is "out of the title" in that his "field" was among the bad men of the Southwest and not at all among the red men. The Indian missionaries of Colonial times belong to dignified history and do not fit readily into the sparkling style of this volume.

Eliot, for example, is not satisfactorily compressible. The mere recital of his personal labors gives a sadly incomplete picture. His case transposes the values in the Western formula, in which personal perils, self-sacrifice and manual toil are prominent, while literary labors play the minor part. John Eliot's Gospel ministry among the savages excludes in the common understanding the story of his development of an adapted civilizaton among them; his work with the white rulers in behalf of the Indians is more distinctive, at least, than his direct contact with its beneficiaries.

Cooper—in "Oak Openings," was it not?—took a shot at the enthusiastic parsons who identified in the red Indian the Ten Lost Tribes of Israel. Eliot in organizing his Indian town went to Moses for a civic scheme and divided the community into sections, with rulers of hundreds, of fifty and of ten. A more elaborate description of the nature, history and final fate of this experiment and a more detailed account of the Indian "apostle's" intercessions with the General Court in behalf of his charges would have made this chapter less sketchy and no less interesting. There is probably nothing new to be said of the translations of the Christian writings into Indian dialects, Eliot's great and lasting work as a pioneer.

Occum, who preached in Whitefield's London Tabernacle—Whitefield introduced him with all the business acumen of a Barnum—and who was a pupil and intimate associate of the Rev. Eleazar Wheelock and whose school was just such a "nucleus" of Dartmouth College as the Log School at Neshaminy in Pennsylvania was of the College of New Jersey, furnishes material for an entertaining narrative. At the time of Whitefield's "great awakening" Occum wrote:

We saw nothing of these things till some time in the Summer, when Some ministers began to visit us and preach the Word of God; and the Common People also came frequently and exhorted us to the things of God which it pleased the Lord, as I humbly hope, to Bless and accompany with Divine Influences to the Conviction and Saving Conversion of a Number of us. And when I was 17 years of age I had, as I trust, a Discovery of the way of Salvation through Jesus Christ and was enabled to put my trust in him alone for Life & Salvation. From this Time the Distress and Burden of my mind was removed, and I found Serenity and Pleasure of Soul in Serving God.

Ther is more spine and less jargon in a letter written later after the visit in London, where the Archbishops of Canterbury, York and Gloucester had endeavored to advance his progress in holy orders. Upon his declination the Archbishop "grew cold," and he wrote:

Now I am in my own country I may freely inform you of what I honestly and soberly think of the Bishops, Lord Bishops and Archbishops of England. In my view they don't look like Gospel Bishops or ministers of Christ. I can't find them in the Bible. • • • I represented to them the miserable and wretched situation of the poor Indians, who are perishing for lack of spiritual knowledge, and begged their assistance in evangelizing these poor heathen. But if you can believe me, they never gave us one single brass farthing. It seems to me that they are very indifferent whether the poor Indians go to Heaven or Hell. I can't help my thoughts; and I am apt to think they don't want the Indians to go to Heaven with them.

The history of Occum's civic experiment, Brothertown, modelled on the New England "town meetings," is outlined here.

Brainerd's section of the chronicle is made up of well chosen passages from his diary. It is a pity that this devoted man's full and eloquent record of his travels horseback in the Middle Colonies is not more read at this day; it is rich in data, and has no little narrative swing, qualities that should win for the "Journal" a reading public beyond the bounds of Sunday school territory. The lives by Jonathan Edwards and Sereno E. Dwight, son of the Yale president, are so far behind the first hand memoranda that the present compiler's method is highly commended by contrast. And, incidentally, the chapters in Dwight's life of Edwards that deal with that worthy's Indian missionary work at Stockbridge, Mass., dull in content, are exasperating in suggestion of possibilities for an Edwards chapter in such a collection as this, if additional "sources" are available.

The Western missionaries of the early and middle nineteenth century were a different breed from their Colonial forbears, types, a hardy, fearless, self-sacrificing lot of men:

They could preach and they could pray, equally they could build, plant and work with their hands. To the Indian believing that the hunt only was worthy of his dignity, the example was not lost. . . . The wives were indeed helpmeets. Women delicately nurtured, they accepted their lot not only without a murmur, but with enthusiasm. One of these women had but one chair in ten years. Four sticks in the ground and a board across was a chair, three boards made a table. The food was cooked before an open fire.

The name of Marcus Whitman (1802-1847) is inseparably connected with the record of Oregon beginnings. Concerning him there is a considerable bibliography, "divided into two camps." In the '60s the Rev. H. H. Spalding, an associate of Whitman, published a book asserting that Whitman's visit to the East in 1842-43 was political and the principal factor in preventing the exchange of Oregon with the English for a cod fishery in Newfoundland. The story became tradition, and of course was attacked after many years. Prof. E. G. Bourne in "Essays in Historical Criticism," 1901, is considered by impartial commentators to have settled the status of Whitman's influence in affairs of state. The Scribner editor prefers, however, to follow the evidence of Whitman's own letters and the writings of his contemporaries. It is not a matter of vital moment. The interest in the present book is all for the pioneering, not the political side of Whitman's career.

Whitman's first journey to Oregon had been the occasion of the first passage of the Rockies by white women and a wagon, and it was appropriate that in his earnest propaganda for the settlement and development of the new Territory in the far Northwest it should be his lot to establish a permanent trail over the mountains.

If the Whitman chapter suggests "Hamlet" sans *Hamlet*, the paper on Stephen Riggs repairs the omission with abundant consideration of the red man's affairs in the middle West in the '30s and '40s, the Dakotahs and the Sioux. John Lewis Dyer, however, hero of the final sketch, "never caught up with the Indian." He was, nevertheless, afflicted with no lack of promising material for his evangelical zeal and aspirations; and he left a rugged record of his widely itinerant Methodist campaign for souls, with prophetic dreams, with shirt sleeve preaching, with its odd mixture of praying and punching—for fisticuffs were frequently injected into the missionary's programme. At Lincoln City a party of Christmas celebrants called just at daylight, roused up the preacher and told him he must go with them to "Walker's," and either treat or make a temperance speech. He went. "There were over forty men, and they called for a chairman or moderator; but they were too drunk to be moderated. I got upon a box and stated my arrest, and proposed to make the speech. They said: 'Go on' I said: 'Gentlemen, I will tell you what I think. There is not a man here but would be ashamed for his father or mother, his sister or brother to know just our condition here this morning.' They stamped and roared: 'That's so' all over the house. 'And next,' I continued, 'if we were not so drunk we would not be here.' Cheers, 'That's so too,' all over the house. 'And if we were a little drunker we could not do what we are doing.' (Cheers.) I wound up and was about to leave, when the Judge said: 'I move that we vote that everything Mr. Dyer said is true,' and they gave a rousing vote. He said, 'The ayes have it,' but that I must not go yet, and made and put a motion that they all give Mr. Dyer one dollar apiece, and that was also carried. They took the hat, got twenty dollars, and I thanked them and went home to breakfast." The diary is marked by straightforward style and a rare rough humor, all the better for being fact and not fiction.

LATEST BOOKS FROM THE VARIOUS HOUSES

G. P. Putnam's Sons announce for publication, June 3, the following books: "An Unknown Lover," by Mrs. George de Horne Vaizey; "Sunia: A Himalayan Idyll," by Maud Diver, and "The Letters, Speeches and Correspondence of Carl Schurz," edited by Frederic Bancroft.

The Macmillan Company published this week, May 28: "The Inside of the Cup," by Winston Churchill; "University and Historical Addresses," by James Bryce, and "Travers's Golf Book," by Jerome D. Travers. Next week, June 4, will be issued "The Church and the Labor Conflict," by Parley Paul Womer, and "The Influence of Monarchs," by Frederick Adams Woods.

The "Stories for Little Schoolmates" series, edited by Florence Converse, will be begun by E. P. Dutton & Company in the early fall with the issue of Madame Julia D. Dragoumis's "Under Greek Skies," which is to be followed later by "In Sunny Spain," by Katharine Lee Bates.

Harper & Brothers announce that they are putting to press for reprintings "Lorna Doone," by Richard Blackmore; "Mr. Dooley's Philosophy," by F. P. Dunne, and "The Four Georges," by Justin McCarthy.

Two new books are issued this week by Messrs. L. C. Page & Company: "The Art of the Wallace Collection," by Henry C. Shelley, author of "Old Paris" and "Inns and Taverns of Old London" and "Our Little Bulgarian Cousin," by Clara Vostrovsky Winlow, a new title in the "Little Cousin" Series.

Matthew Bender and Company announce the publication of two important books: "The Supreme Court of the United States," with a review of certain decisions relating to its appellate power under the Constitution, by Judge Edwin Countryman of the Albany, N. Y., bar; and the new second edition of "Magee on Banks and Banking," by Judge H. W. Magee of the Los Angeles, Cal., bar.

George W. Bricka announces for publication, June 2, "Posters: A Critical Study of the Development of Poster Design in Continental Europe, England and America," by Charles Matlack Price. The volume, containing forty-two reproductions in color and 120 in monotone, is published in de luxe form.

The Columbia University Press has just published a new number of the Columbia University Indo-Iranian series entitled "Vasavadatta. A Sanskrit Romance by Subandhu," translated with an introduction and notes by Louis H. Gray, Ph. D. This romance is one of the best examples of the artificial and ornate style in Sanskrit prose, which the author in his introduction contrasts with that of Lyly in English literature. The book will therefore appeal to students of comparative literature as well as those interested in Sanskrit.

Other volumes announced by the Columbia University Press in the studies in English and comparative literature are: "Gnomic Poetry in Anglo-Saxon," by Blanche Colton Williams; "Aaron Hill" by Alice D. Brewster; "Learned Societies and Literary Scholarship," by Harrison Ross Steeves and "Chaucer and the Roman de la Rose," by Dean S. Fansler. In the studies in romance, philology and literature two new volumes are soon to appear: "Uncle and Nephew in the old French Chansons de Geste," by W. C. Farnsworth, and "Diderot as a Disciple of English Thought," by R. Loyalty Cru.